

Cambria Freeman.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME 1. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1867. NUMBER 38.

Cambria Freeman
WILL BE PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
in Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa.,
at the following rates, payable within three
months from date of subscription:
One copy, six months, \$2 00
One copy, three months, 1 00
Those who fail to pay their subscriptions
until after the expiration of six months will
be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year.
Those who fail to pay until after the ex-
piration of twelve months will be charged at
the rate of \$3.00 per year.
Twenty numbers constitute a quarter;
twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers,
one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00
Each subsequent insertion, 25
Advertisements, each, 2 50
Administrators' Notices, each, 2 50
Treasurers' Notices, each, 2 50
May Notices, each, 1 50
One square, 12 lines, 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 yr.
1 square, 24 lines, \$2 50 4 00 6 00
2 squares, 24 lines, 5 00 8 00 12 00
3 squares, 24 lines, 7 00 10 00 15 00
Quarter column, 9 50 14 00 25 00
Half column, 11 00 16 00 28 00
Full column, 14 00 25 00 35 00
One column, 25 00 35 00 60 00
Professional or Business Cards, not
exceeding 8 lines, with paper, 6 00
Quintary Notices, over six lines, ten cents
per line.
Special and business notices eight cents
per line for first insertion, and four cents for
each subsequent insertion.
Resolutions of Societies, or communica-
tions of a personal nature must be paid for
advertisements.

JOB PRINTING.
We have made arrangements by which
we can do or have done all kinds of plain
and fancy Job Printing, such as Books,
Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter
Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best
style of the art and at the most moderate
prices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank
Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order
as good as the best and as cheap as the
cheapest.

ANOTHER NEW WRINKLE!

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.

In addition to his large stock of the best
Eastern made
SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c.,
for Ladies' and Children's Wear,
a subscriber has just added to his assort-
ment a full and complete invoice of
Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths,
which he will not only warrant to be supe-
rior in quality of like character now being
sold in this market, but will also be a
very respect to the shop-work with
which the country is flooded. Remember
that I offer no article for sale which I do
not guarantee to be regular custom made,
of the best material and superior finish,
and will do not pretend to compete in prices
with the dealers in auction goods. I know
that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,
and will give more service for less money
than any other dealer in this community, and
I am myself to repair, free of charge, any
article that may give way after reasonable
use and reasonable usage. Everybody is
respectfully invited to call and examine my
stock and learn my prices.
The subscriber is also prepared to manu-
facture to order any and all work in his line,
of the very best material and workmanship,
and at prices as reasonable as like work can
be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Com-
bination Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of
leather constantly on hand.
Store on Main street, next door to
Howard's Hotel.
JOHN D. THOMAS.
Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1867.

HOLLIDAYSBURG!

JACOB M. PIRCHER,

FASHIONABLE
CLOTHIER & TAILOR,

has just opened a full assortment of well se-
lected and most desirable

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS.

Gents and Boys furnished with CLOTH-
ING, HATS, SHOES, &c., of the latest
fashions and best material, at the LOWEST
CASH PRICES.

VARIETY OF PIECE GOODS,

which will be sold by the yard or made to
order in the most approved manner.
Having given full satisfaction to his cus-
tomers for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS,
he guarantees the same to all who may favor
him with their patronage in the future.
Store on the west side of Montgomery
street, below Blair, next door to Masonic
Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [my23.1y.]

JOSEPH ZOLNER

Has just opened, and offers for sale lower
than they can be bought
anywhere, a splendid lot of
CLOCKS, fine WATCHES of
every description, ACCORDIONS, JEWEL-
RY, and a variety of all articles in his line.
Repairing of Clocks, Watches, and all kinds
of jewelry, done on short notice and most
reasonable terms. All work warranted.
Store at his shop, High street, opposite Public
House, Ebenburg. [sep.5.77.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.* and *Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebenburg, on Saturday, the 26th day of October, inst., at 1 o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Edward M'Glade, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Christian Smay, William M'Connell, and others, containing four hundred acres, more or less, unimproved.

Also, a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. R. Hughes, heirs of John Crum, and others, containing three hundred acres, more or less, about one hundred and twenty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Log House and a one and a half story Log House and Frame Barn, now in the occupancy of the said Edward M'Glade.

Also, a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Russell, Joseph McLaughlin, and others, containing two hundred acres, more or less, about twenty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Plank House, Frame Stable and water Saw Mill, now in the occupancy of Peter McLaughlin.

Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Henry Logan.

Also, All the right, title and interest of Edward M'Glade, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of William R. Hughes, William Carr, and others, contain-
ing four hundred and forty-five acres, more or less, unimproved.

Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Henry Foster.

JAMES MYERS, Sheriff.
Shiff's Office, Ebenburg, Oct. 10, 1867.31

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Cambria, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Hotel of Francis P. Grossberger, in the Borough of Carrolltown, on Saturday, the 16th day of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, of which Peter Wible, late of Carroll township, died seized, to wit: A CERTAIN PLANTATION OR TRACT OF LAND situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Levi Luther, John W. Luther, Solomon Dumm, James Dick, and others, containing one hundred acres, or thereabouts, about eighty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Plank House and a large Frame Barn.

Terms of Sale.—One-third to be paid on confirmation of sale; one other third in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser, and the other third to remain a lien on the premises, legal interest thereon to be paid annually to Elizabeth Wible, widow of Peter Wible, dec'd., from the date of confirmation of sale, by the purchasers, his heirs or assigns, during her life-time, and the principal, at her decease, to the heirs and legal representatives of the said Peter Wible, or to the parties who may then be legally entitled to the same.

ELIZABETH WIBLE, Adm'r.
JACOB STOLTZ, }
Oct. 10, 1867.31

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ES-

TATE.—By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Cambria, (pursuant to proceedings in partition,) to me directed, I will expose to sale, by public vendue or outcry, at the Hotel of Francis P. Grossberger, in the Borough of Carrolltown, on Saturday, the 16th day of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, of which Christian Wible, late of Carroll township, died seized, viz: A CERTAIN TRACT OR PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, being part of a larger tract in the name of John Doney, adjoining lands of Solomon Dumm, George Trindle, George Miel, and others, containing SIXTY-THREE acres, strict measure, or thereabouts, about one acre of which is cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story Plank House; being the same piece of land conveyed under Peter Wible, dec'd., by Henry Buck and wife, by their deed dated the 23d day of June, 1854, and by the said Peter Wible conveyed, by article of agreement, to Christian Wible, dated the 14th June, 1862, re-
corded in the county of Cambria, in Record Book, vol. 1, page 24. Terms Cash.

JAMES MYERS, Sheriff.
Oct. 10, 1867.31.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, at September Term, 1867, to distribute the fund in the hands of Robert A. McCoy and George C. K. Zaim, Assignees of John McCoy, as shown by their supplemental and final account, amongst the creditors, &c., entitled thereto, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebenburg, on Friday, the 8th day of November, 1867, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Oct. 10, 1867.31.

SAW MILL FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his STEAM SAW MILL, known as "Cambria Mill," two and a half miles north of Gallitzin, Cambria Co. The Mill is in perfect working order, and will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply on the premises to JEROME DAWSON.

The Poet's Department.

THE RADDY'S LAMENT.

BY CONNY O'RYAN.

Air—*Pat Maloy.*

The autumn winds now cheerless sweep,
A weird requiem scrouge,
Around our homes, where oft in sleep,
We had our sweetest dreams.
No more bright hopes of plunder stalk before
Our longing eyes,
A doleful sound of vanquished whip'd, our
List'ning ears surprise.
We see our hopes—our party's name—now
Trembling on the brink
Of a base career of frauds and crimes, we
Shudder when we think
That those whom once our very nod would
Cause to leave our way,
Can shout with triumph in our ears, the
Rads have had their day.

It's only one short year ago, that laurels
Crown'd our brow,
The hero (O) then, of Soickersville, was
Master of the scow,
But now destruction's at the helm, we're
Drifting on the shoals,
An awful gale has struck our prow, which
Makes us "hunt our holes."

The sceptre we have wielded with unrelent-
ing sway,
Is smiting us like miscreants, from Maine to
Iowa.

The colored gang has bravely fought against
The turbid wave,
But alas our craft's untimely wreck'd, the
Bigger crew to save.

We are drifting, swiftly drifting, to a fate
That's right and meet,
A just retaliation for our actions indiscreet.
E'en now we feel the wretchedness of our
Unhappy fate.

To weep and pray is all in vain; repentance
Comes too late.
Farwell, the fastest offices; here ends our
Shoddy dream;
All party hopes were blasted through the
Equalization scheme.
If punishment commensurate with our frauds
They should demand,
Then half our leaders, sure, would swing
From off the hangman's stand.

We are not passing from the field with a
Gradual decay—
Not withering like a wreath of flowers be-
neath the sun's bright ray—
An overdose of Samba is the cause of all
Our ills.

The party has been purged to death with
Thaddeus Stevens' pills.
Come weep with me, you Radicals, who
Dirty work have done;
Let's pause in our careers before the day of
Grace is gone.

A business's brightly burning now to warn
Us from the way
That wrecked our craft which erst could
Strike its millions in dismay.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A TALE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

BY JOHN QUELL.

This is a thrilling narrative of a noble
North American Indian.
It is also the simple story of a woman's
love.

And it is a touching illustration of the
power of paternal affection.

As well as a tale of bitter and terrible
revenge.

It is also first-class in every respect, and
warranted to keep one year in any cli-
mate, and it is a number of other things,
which I won't mention, because I don't
want to tell the anecdote before I get to
it.

For I once knew a man who under-
took to write a preface to his book, and
when he got through he couldn't tell
whether to make a book of the preface, or
a preface of the book, and he lost his
reason, and became a straw haired lunatic
trying to decide.

Out in the prairie dwelt an Indian chief
named Fiery Nose, and Fiery Nose had a
daughter, over whose head sixteen Indian
summers might have passed.

Now it will be necessary, you perceive,
that this copper complexioned young maiden
should have a lover, in order to give this
story the proper degree of interest. So
she had one, and his name was Buffalo
Bull, and he was an aged brave, some
years her senior, and he wore knave knees
and goggles, and was related to a red-
haired tribe of Indians who ate the bread
of idleness, excepting when they were
compelled to work for a living. Buffalo
Bull was a fine old brave, and he always
hid directly from the shoulder, and con-
sidered it no disgrace to drink nine fingers
of fire-water at one time, and wear craps
on his hat when his first wife died.

He also had a cow-lick in his hair.

The old aborigine Fiery nose, hadn't
the slightest idea in the world that such
a venerable old savage as B. B., sprung in
the knees and spavined as he was, ever
thought to marry his daughter. But,
strange to say, that was the very identical
thing upon which Buffalo had set his
heart.

So he called one evening at the family
manseion of Fiery Nose, with the intention
of murdering him in a peaceable and
friendly manner, and then eloping with
his daughter, the Fair Prairie Flower.

On that very night Fiery Nose sat in
his library with his war paint on, trying
to balance his scalp account, which was
one scalp short, and the Prairie Flower
also wore paint, and sat reading Tupper's
inspiring poems under the chandelier in
the front parlor.

When Buffalo Bull came in, he went
back into the library, and entered into
conversation with the old man, for he had

rare conversational powers, and spoke his
native tongue with a facility that was at
once admirable and remarkable.

"Will you take a pipe?" asked the
hospitable Fiery Nose; "do, take one,"
handing him a coil of gas-pipe. "I have
some tobacco that has a stamp on it, and
it consequently must be good. It was
grown in Paduchia."

"Why don't you use the 'Mud Turtle'
brand?" observed Buffalo Bull. "Every
paper you buy has a million dollar bill in
it, and you can get it for five cents. It
is an excellent investment for your sur-
plus earnings. Let me advise you to get
some."

"Ah, I will," said Fiery Nose. "Pray-
hah," said he to his child, "go around
and buy me two papers of Mud Turtle to-
bacco. You'd better ride. Get a quar-
ter's worth of tickets, and you may buy
'yellow jack' with the change."

The fair Prairie Flower kissed her aged
parent until his colors began to run, and
then she went out on her errand with a
small hat over her eyes.

"Nice girl, ain't she?" said Fiery
Nose; "I've had a great deal of trouble
bringing her up, but I am amply repaid,
and I attribute all to the fact that I raised
her with yeast powders. I got the best,
and they did the business."

"She is a fine girl, and no mistake, and
she seems good, too. By the way, how are
you getting along over at your Sunday
School?"

"Tolerably, thank you," said Fiery
Nose; "tolerably. I make them an ad-
dress, and play a few tunes on the mello-
done every Sabbath afternoon; but I
can't attend to it properly, you know."

"No? Why not?"

"Well, you see, I am constantly inter-
rupted. Here last Sunday, while I was
right in the midst of a touching hymn, a
pale face came down the road, and I was
obliged to go out and murder him. He
ran, but I told him that he'd got to die,
and if he didn't want to go out on the fly,
he'd better succumb at once."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he came up and apologized for
running on the ground that he wanted to
see a man. But I was mad, for you
know I am lymphatic, with a tendency to
apoplexy, and I don't like to run."

"Right enough, too."

"So I gripped onto this fellow like a
double-headed terrier, and then I scalped
him and let him go. He asked me what
I thought he ought to do, and I told him
he'd better succumb at once."

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double-headed terrier, and then I scalped
him and let him go. He asked me what
I thought he ought to do, and I told him
he'd better succumb at once."

To this Buffalo Bull deigned not to reply,
but pretending to see something on the
top knot of Fiery Nose, he asked him to
stoop down a minute while he picked it
off. He then clandestinely jerked out his
scalping knife and lifted his hair, after
which he jabbed the knife into his vitals,
and threw him on the grate to die.

Just then Prairie Flower returned with
the tobacco, and perceiving at a glance
that her parent was reduced to a cinder,
she observed to Buffalo Bull that it seemed
to be pretty well up with the old man.

"Hm-m, yes," said he; "but a thought
strikes me—will you be mine?"

"Well, I don't know; let me see,
what was your income tax last year?"

"I paid tax on two horse blankets,
a Barlow knife, and thirty-seven scalp-
s. Besides I love you to distraction. Come
to this loving heart; rest on my bosom,
rest. Say will you?"

"I am ever thine own," said Prairie
Flower, as she nestled against his hunt-
ing shirt.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
He said "I do not care a cent."
She said "I'll bet he finds he's sold."

Thus were these two aboriginal savages
made happy in the fullness of each other's
love. She grew old and ugly in time, and
he, in the depth of his unspeakable affec-
tion, used to sit day after day smoking on
the front door steps, while she hoed corn
and wheeled home potatoes in a push cart.

Until at last she was called home to the
happy hunting ground, and he immedi-
ately put fresh craps on his hat and began
browsing around for another girl.

But does not this teach us all a lesson,
that, that—teach us, I say, a lesson
that we—that we, I say, may—let that
pass, however, doubtless it does teach a
lesson, but it's of no consequence,

"No? Why not?"

"Well, you see, I am constantly inter-
rupted. Here last Sunday, while I was
right in the midst of a touching hymn, a
pale face came down the road, and I was
obliged to go out and murder him. He
ran, but I told him that he'd got to die,
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double-headed terrier, and then I scalped
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I thought he ought to do, and I told him
he'd better succumb at once."

"Did he?"

ICE FIELD IN THE DESERT.

The very hot weather reminds me of
an incident which occurred in 1859, dur-
ing a hot spell upon the very far frontier.
It was while a command of two compa-
nies of the old Second United States dra-
goons, under charge of Captain R. H.

Anderson, of the same regiment, was on
the march from what was then known as
Camp Floyd, Utah Territory, to Fort
Leavenworth, Kansas. We had struck
our tents at a very early hour in the morn-
ing, and as the first faint glimmer of day-
light was observed in the east, the com-
mand was "straightened out" upon the
road, and prepared for a long day's march
under a burning July sun, for "Pacific
Springs" had to be made that night to
camp at, or horrible to think of, there
would be no water. We started out live-
ly and buoyant; both men and horses
thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful cool
morning air, bracing and invigorating as it
was. The merry laugh and joke passed
from front to rear, and each man enjoyed
himself, apparently as well as soldiers
could. The morning passed, the sun
came out strong and brilliant, and soon
the effects of his mighty heat became ap-
parent. The jokes were passed less fre-
quently, the laughs became fewer and
shorter, and finally silence reigned among
the bipeds, and nothing was heard but the
tramp, tramp of the quadrupeds, and jing-
ling of the equipments, and as old Sol
rose higher, his piercing rays grew strong-
er and stronger, until the very horses grew
languid and drooping. We halted to
water and rest at noon, still under the
burning sun, not a bush the size of a man's
hat was to be seen which would afford us
any shade. After an hour's broiling, the
word was given to mount, the "forward"
was sounded, and we resumed our melting
way for that everlasting "Pacific" Spring;
and pacific it ought to be, for our tempers
as well as our bodies were sorely tried,
and I am afraid there were more left-hand-
ed prayers said that day than even Parson
Brownlow would approve of. About five
o'clock P. M. we reached the Spring, after
twelve hours steady set in the saddle, ten
of which hours we were under the perpen-
dicular rays of as hot a sun as it was
ever my lot to experience, and I have
been in not a few of the hot places of this
earth, which I earnestly hope will be suf-
ficient to keep me out of any of the hot
places of the other world, all things else
being equal.

The train arrived, the tents were pitch-
ed, and the order passed along to change
the feeding ground of our animals, which
had been picketed out immediately when
we unaded, in the rear of our line of
tents. About three hundred yards in
front of our camp there was a very beau-
tiful strip of fresh-looking grass, and for
this point each man made with his horse.

The first man on the spot struck his
picket pin into the ground, and it immedi-
ately rebounded as if it struck against a
rock. Several more tried it, and the same
thing happened; when one of the men
stooped down, and inserting the point
of his picket pin, turned up a portion of
the sod, and lo! there was a bed of ice
from four to ten inches thick. The news
flew like lightning through the command,
and in the excitement created by the cry
of "ice! ice!" everything else in that
camp was forgotten. Every pick, spade
and shovel, and in fact anything that a
man could dig with, was put into imme-
diate requisition, even to the pocket
knives; and in less time than I write this
the strip of green grass was covered by
anxious, hard-working men, as earnestly
lent upon what they were at as if their
lives depended upon ice. You may rest
assured that that ice was a perfect Gol-
denrod to that party of men, after our long
and weary and dusty march over a coun-
try covered with sand and sage bush, un-
der the rays of as hot a sun as I ever felt
in the tropics